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ally sloper's Half Holiday

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. V.—No. 197.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

[ONE PENNY.]



ALLY AT THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

"The majority of well-regulated people, if asked to express an opinion, would say that Poor Papa is, to all intents and purposes, an imbecile—he does such extraordinary things. His latest move is to secure a private box for the run of "Jack the Giant Killer" at the Elephant and Castle Theatre, and every night some members of the Family honour the performance with a visit. The other evening the conductor was unable to fulfil his duties, and Mr. Burton Green asked Papa to kindly take his place. The overture was a big success; but the conduct of some of the younger members of the Family was most unbecoming."—TOOTSIE.

LEAP YEAR.—THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN.



1. "Excuse me, Miss," said Fitzgig, "I think you are trying to fix me up in a number 20. I can't possibly manage less than 24."

2. "But are they fitted with the patent swivel?" stammered Fitzgig. "So deuced awkward, don't yer know, when you sit down, if they are not."

3. "By Jove! I feel lovely. I don't know how I look. I wonder how many dear girls I shall have propose to me to-day!" ejaculated the youth.

AN UNRAVELLED MYSTERY.

On the 26th of May, 1828, the attention of a citizen of Nuremberg was drawn to a youth in a peasant's dress standing in the street near a gate of the town in the singular posture of a person endeavouring to move forward without being able either to stand upright or govern the movement of his legs. He held in his hand a letter directed to a captain of cavalry in the town, but was incapable of intelligent speech. The letter was written in German, and the nameless writer said he had received a memorandum in Latin, which he enclosed, when the boy was left at his house in 1812. The memorandum ran thus:—"The child is already baptised. You must give him a surname yourself. You must educate the child. His father was one of the Light Horse. When he is seventeen years old, send him to Nuremberg to the 6th Regiment of Light Foot, for there his father also was. I ask for his education until he is seventeen years old. He was born on the 3rd of April, 1812. I am a poor girl, and cannot support him. His father is dead."

In this stranger's pockets were some coloured rags, a key, a paper of gold sand, a small horn rosary, and some religious tracts. He wore a handkerchief marked "K. H." and was able to write his name, "Karl Hauser," but he could only speak one sentence, "I will be a trooper as my father was." The soles of his feet were as soft as the palms of his hands, but were all covered with blisters, which accounted for the pain he evidently felt when walking. His gait was that of

a child learning to walk, and he could not walk without assistance. On examination it was found that his knee-joints, when the legs were straightened, instead of being a protuberance, formed a cavity.

Gradually, under the care of a tutor, he learnt to speak with some slight intelligence. He then said he knew not who he was, nor where was his home. As long as he could recollect, he had constantly lived in a sort of hole, which he sometimes called a cage, where he always sat on the floor with his back supported in an erect posture. The only human being he had known up to the time of his arrival in Nuremberg was his gaoler, whose face, however, he had never seen. He knew no difference between day and night; but when he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water beside him. Shortly before his removal the man placed a small table over his feet, and spreading a piece of paper on it, placed a pencil between his fingers and guided his hand every day until he could write his name. He had never been taught to say any other words than those already quoted. One day the man lifted him up and carried him on his back, after vainly endeavouring to make him walk, to the gate of Nuremberg, where he left him.

This extraordinary story created great interest, but no further clue could be found to the mystery, until some months later he was discovered in the cellar of his tutor's house with a large wound on his forehead, and weltering in his blood. He was in a state of extreme terror, and, on being discovered, was seized with a strong ague, and afterwards lay senseless for forty-eight hours. A man in a mask, he said, had gained admittance to the house, and had attacked and stabbed him, leaving him for dead.

This incident redoubled public curiosity respecting Hauser, for it was clear there was some terrible secret connected with him. Meanwhile, he pursued his studies with great success, and obtained the friendship and protection of Lord Stanhope at Anspach, where he was appointed clerk in the Court of Appeal. On the 17th of December, 1833, however, a stranger accosting him in the street, and promising to tell him the story of his birth, induced him to keep an appointment in a lonely part of the castle park. There, without a word, the man plunged a dagger into Hauser's breast. He managed to crawl home, uttered a few words, and died, but every effort of the police to trace the murderer failed.

"I often think," murmured the Blue-Eyed Babe, "that there is, too, a mystery surrounding my birth. Have you ever, William, noticed the formation of my head?"

"Often," said William Higgins; "it's the same shape as the pertater in the window at 'The Sloperies.'"

(Next week a Dashing Highwayman.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries—particularly the queerest; but all questions put to the Editor, or to any member of "THE FAMILY," will be answered in due course. Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned should enclose stamps for that purpose.

GEORGE DICKSON (Church Farm, Hendon).—Declined with thanks.—G. E. R.—Very funny, but no use.—EDWIN HOWARD (King Street, Cheapside).—Oh! Indeed!—GWENDOLINE.—Oh! Ah! Ye-e-e-s, dear.—S. ELY (Nine Elms Lane).—Oh! Are you jealous?—J. FEREDAY (Camden Street, Walsall).—Would you like to have the judging and awarding in your own hands? If so, step up. Everyone all in good time, please.—JNO. HEBB (Spring Gardens, S.W.).—You were weeks and weeks behind.—FRED COATES (Denmark Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne).—How foolish to ask if they were sent on. A. SLOPER, Esq., is the Honourable Friend of Man.—JENNY (Birmingham).—Many thanks, darling, for your dear, sweet letter.—T. WEYMAN (Brewer Street, E.C.).—Declined with thanks.—SYDNEY GALVAYNE.—Thanks for your enclosures.—MOSES, MESSENER, and LEVI (Houndsditch).—Uncle Boffin has placed the "comb" among the "Relics."—MRS. MOYSTON (Peabody's Buildings, S.W.).—All the pipes are gone long ago.—NEMO.—Declined with thanks.—H. B. RIGHETTI (Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell Green).—We do not doubt your infallible hair wash has caused a heavy growth of hair on the bust of ALLY, which you displayed among your bottles of Elixir, &c.—FOREST HILL.—A little more than seven.—CAROLINE GREENE (Servant, Liverpool Road).—Mrs. Sloper says she can only answer you by directing your attention to your surname.—GUY FAWKES, Junr.—No thanks. We never think much of anonymous correspondents.—ANON.—Thanks.—T. H. H. (Thanksgiving Buildings, Holborn).—No use, thanks.—WILLIAM SMITH (Roscobel Gardens, N.W.).—The "potato" has been placed among the "Relics."—PHILIP RICHARDS (St. Pancras Club).—Thanks for your communication, and much regret its being crowded out.

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"WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?"

All Offers should be accompanied by photograph of the lady placing her heart at the disposal of the Eminent, and addressed—
"CUPID'S DEPARTMENT,"
"THE SLOPERIES,"
99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

* * The List will close SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11TH, 1888.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"THERE'S a nice girl, Miss Brown; shall I introduce you?" said the hostess. "No, thank you. Her father has put all his money into Welsh gold mines, and I'm not sure that they'll turn out profitable," returned the young man with a level head.

THE undermentioned perfumes are peculiarly adapted for the parties alluded to, viz.:—The Home Rule demagogue, patchouli (Pat, you lie); a vacillating lover, opoponax (oh, pop and ax); two old friends, Auld ylang Lang Syne; a successful bookmaker, ess bouquet (yes, Bookie); for the directors of a certain water company whose rates have risen, rose-water; for the head of the family who has just been fined twenty shillings or twenty-one days, paraffin (pa, a fine). Eh, what? Paraffin isn't a perfume! Isn't it? Well, it smells very strong, anyhow, so it ought to be one. However, we'll make enquiries, and continue in our next.

THIS is a trade secret, which, though much practised, is very little acknowledged.—In commencing life we try to get on. Having succeeded so far, we go in for the comparative, and try and get honour. Having attained this also, we attempt the superlative, if we live long enough, and in our old age try to get honest.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 197.—The "Scotch Lassie" Costume.



Smith. You don't believe I've ever fished before? Why, the last time I was at the seaside I pulled up kippers by the dozen.
Reverend (to minister preaching). Excuse me, sir, but I must really request you to speak slower. Re-collect I represent the Press, sir.



Irate Actor (to rival, who has been successful in usurping his place). Do you think to crow over my downfall, cur? Dost think that I, before whom people kneel, will stand thy leering face? No, rather would I hurl thy flesh through space, to wander with the moon and stars!



Correct portrait of McGooseley, taken during one of his most sober moments.
ONE OF THE DEFIANT IRISH M.P.'S. "He thinks of gallant deeds, and rests content."

"REALLY, my dear," protested a young father, "I think you might wash baby's hands." "I've been washing them all the afternoon, Charlie," replied his wife, "but I no sooner get them clean than he rubs them on his face and dirties them again."

THE Total Abstinence people won't leave McGooseley alone, and sometimes the old man comes off second best with them. Last week a Blue Ribbonite got him up into a corner, and started on the old subject. "Why don't you drop that vile habit of whisky drinking?" he exclaimed. "Think how it grows on you!" "Does it?" cried McGooseley. "I wish I knew where; I should be able to draw it off as I wanted it. Tell us where it grows, mister?" "Why, on your nose, my friend," answered the disciple of the pump. "It's covered with blossoms now, and you may be sure they will bear fruit."

"I SAY, SLOPER," said a jocosse friend, "what's the difference between your paper and a soldier, eh? Give it up? Why, the girls like the soldier because he's red, but your paper's read because the girls like it. D'ye see? Eh? eh?"

YOUNG men, avoid taverns, They're naught but thieves' caverns. Listen how they served me, Then from hotels keep free: At the Royal Oak I was nearly broke, And at the White Horse They showed no remorse; At the Star and Garter I was made a martyr, And to the Old Bell I soon bid farewell; The Railway Hotel I found was a sell, And at the New Inn They sneaked all my tin; I found at the Grand My ruin they'd planned, So now I've decided (Though by some derided) When I travel about, And have to sleep out, To keep out of the mire, So cheap lodgings I hire.

"SAY, Ally, you remember that scaffold-pole you helped me to carry home last Sunday evening? It's burning beautiful," contentially remarked Iky Mo. "How do you burn it—cut it up into logs?" enquired the Venerable. "No; not much!" said Iky Mo. "I've pushed it up the chimney, so that the end rests in the grate and as it burns, so it falls down of itself. Beautiful! Selp me, I aint thinking of taking out a patent for it."

Teacher. The pig is the most useful animal known to man. Every portion of him is put to some use.
Enquiring Juvenile. Please, teacher, what do dey use his squeal for?

"WHAT is a hippodrome, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clutterbuck. "It's a—er—er—newly-discovered—er—er—ah—yes—a newly-discovered animal, my dear—a mixture of the hippopotamus and the dromedary," returned Mr. Clutterbuck, who knows everything. Ain't he clever, now! He's as good as a natural history book.

Reformatory Chaplain. Now, boy, as you don't know how to pray, I must teach you. Kneel down and say after me, "Our Father—"
Youthful Reprobate. Our Father! Wot, are we brothers, then?
Chaplain (after a moment's hesitation). Yes, of course we are.
Youthful Reprobate. Then I'm blowed if I don't think you ought to be jolly well ashamed to treat yer little brother like this 'ere.

"OH, dear!" said Mrs. Jones, "I've got the toothache so badly." "Why don't you go to the Dental Hospital?" returned Mrs. Robinson. "I was thinking about it." "They're very clever there," said Mrs. Robinson, "and they spare no pains." "Ah, that was what I was afraid of, and I can't stand pain, you know."

"I SAY, old man, if you don't mind I wish a book for me you'd find—
A novel well will do."
"Take this old Bible," said his friend;
"There isn't a book that I can lend
More novel, Tom, to you."

"FISHING is one of the simplest arts known to man—anyone, even of the meanest capacity, may indulge in this sport—but catching fish is a different thing altogether; and for information on this point we must refer the reader to Isaak Walton."—Extract from Sloper's Cyclopaedia.

Rehearsal at the Frivolity.
First Young Lady (in back row, alluding to young stranger in front row). What large ears she has.
Second Young Lady. And how they stand out.
First ditto. But that is sometimes an advantage.
Second ditto. Indeed! I shouldn't have thought so.
First ditto. Oh, yes, dear! You see she can wipe the dust out of her eyes without troubling to use her pocket-handkerchief.
[The pretty darlings! They do love one another so!]

ONE of Mrs. Penhecker's habits is to lift up the valance and look underneath the bed every night previous to retiring to rest. One night last week she suddenly called out to her husband, who was putting out the parlour fire, "Oh, oh, quick, Penhecker! There's a man under the bed!" "Glad you've found him at last," murmured P., as he made rapidly for the street door; "you've been looking for him long enough."
[It was only a pair of P.'s boots after all.]

"OH, what dreadful weather this is, to be sure!" said Mr. Oldboy, shivering. "I am surprised at you grumbling, Mr. Oldboy," said Jenks; "a man of your age ought to be only too happy to have any weather at all."

"EVERYTHING in life depends on energy. Seek well for wealth, and you will be wealthy," asserted Mr. Dryasdust. "I understand," said his pupil; "if we seek well, wealth will be the sequel."

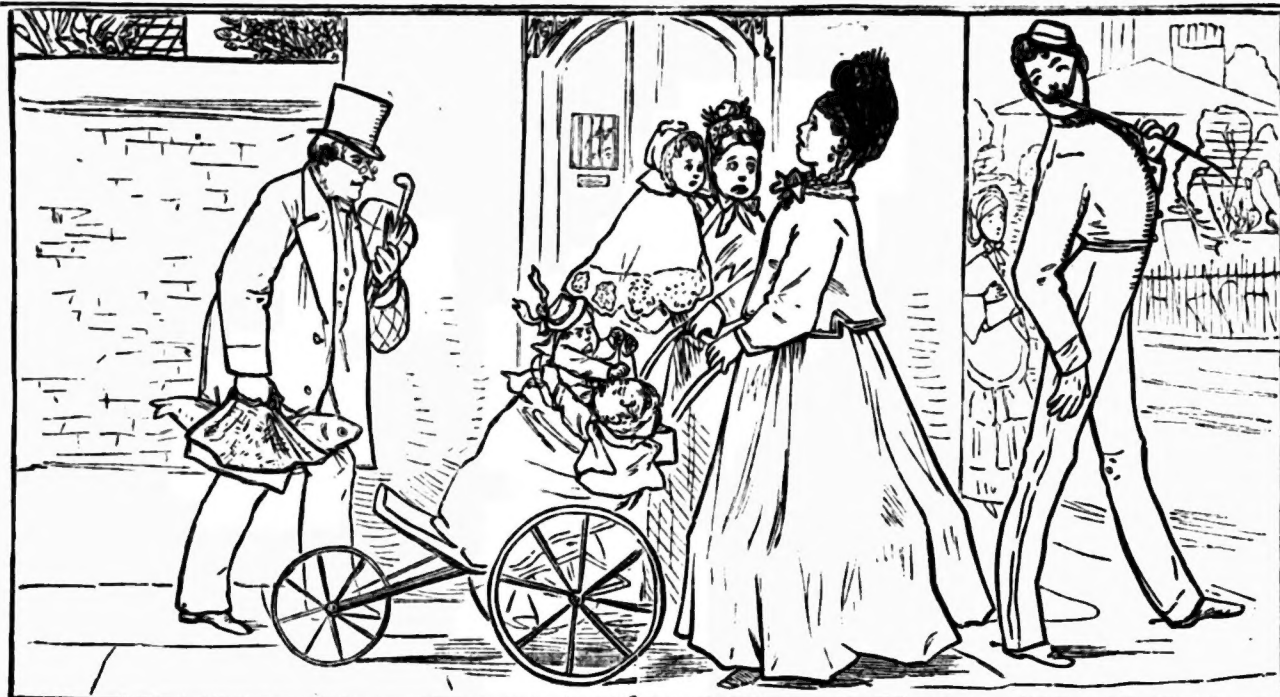
THERE'S a warm pair of slippers for hubby to wear, And a warm dressing-gown, and a warm easy-chair, And a pair of warm arms that will twine round his neck, And a nice little meal if he's wishing to peck. Then who wouldn't be married if this is the life— All this comfort and tenderness, nothing of strife? But I fear me the life is not always like this, There is sometimes some vinegar mixed with the bliss; And remember the bills, and the taxes and rates, And I've heard of scratched faces, also broken plates; And you'll notice a married man don't often smile; No, I think on the whole that I'd best wait a while.

"HERE, McGooseley, here's a question for you," shouted the landlord. "What's the difference between an ale glass and a glass of ale?" "Why, th' ale, of course," replied McGooseley with an effort.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK cannot understand the outcry against the German bakers. She says they are the only means of a lone woman earning an honest penny down in the East-end, for they occupy her bedrooms all day, turning out to go to work just before the other occupants come in for the night, and thus she is enabled to make double rent out of them.

It is said that anything can be proved by means of logic and with the assistance of etymology. The following, though old, is not a bad specimen: Prove that pigeon-pie and eel-pie are alike. Pigeon-pie is derived from Pijohn pi. Pijack is synonymous with Pijohn, and jack-pie is equivalent to pijack, and jack-pie is the same as pike-pie; now, pike-pie is a fish pie, and eel-pie is a fish pie; so pike-pie, otherwise pigeon-pie, is the same as eel-pie. Q.E.D.

The next morning the papers had a paragraph about a porter being killed on the line half a mile from Clapham Junction. I wonder if it *was* a suicide!



THE DASHING MILITAIRE.—*Rude Soldier.* Say, Polly, are those kids yours, and are yer married? If not, don't chuck yerself away on a civilian—ye're too good for him. Come round to the barracks, and we'll suit yer, my beauty.



"Those sparkling eyes, that face so sweet,
Coffee from her would be a treat."—*The Hon. Billy.*

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 11.—DORA FIELDING.

"Whoever loved that loves not at first sight?"—*The Dook Snook.*
 "To see her is to love her, and love but her for ever."—*Lord Bob.*
 "Her lips suck forth my very soul."—*The Hon. Billy.*

FROGGY WOULD A-WOOING GO.

"Hunting frogs is a favourite pastime among the French fair sex."—Daily Paper.



1. Once upon a time there dwelt in a little lake in the grounds of the Château or Bellancourt, a young frog, who thought himself a ducce of a fellow. "Look here," said an old bachelor frog, "you think yourself irresistible, don't you?" Well, all I can say is, beware of the female sex."



3. One morning, when about to do a little fancy natation, he espied a lovely creature on the bank. "Charming," said he to himself. "Does she see me? She does! I cannot fail to make an impression; I am so very handsome! I'll just fix her with my eye."



2. "Oh, you go along," said the mashing frog; "what do you know about it?" "Yah!" croaked the old bachelor, "you young fellows won't be spoken to. Very well, very well, but don't say I never advised you." And he turned on his heel. Then the gay young dog spread himself out for mashing more than ever.



5. Then this deuce of a batracian felt himself being hauled out of the lake, and began murmuring, in the words of the Laureate, "I am coming, my own, my sweet." But when she carried him by the leg to the Château, and handed him over to the cook, he found, when too late, that the old bachelor frog was right.

THE ELDER'S CURLING PARTY.



1. At the end of a fine bonspell the Elder was making a good chat, when that wretched wasp of a Laird tripped him up.

2. "A' pit me foot intill this time," yelped the Laird. "I'dlna expect him to gan through altogether."

3. There was that benign look on the Elder's face as he came up that meant business, so the laddies cleared off one and all.

4. Then the Laird did penance thus (with a fine old blunderbuss in attendance), and the Elder said, "Ye wooden-winded weasel, ye hae six mair canty cannels to cut before ye can yelpin' barge!"



"He's got the ships.
He's got the men."
But he can't get the money too.



Corporal punishment.

Heigho ! when shall we get rid of this dreadful weather
separable friends. When the re-shuffling will take place I
fool to think to get away, *You for your sins will have to go
very strange :—The poor girl led a wretched life, 'Twas not
ousand workmen met their fate.*—“ All's well that ends we



IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.
Ye lowly housewife stealeth ye humble faggot; ye good
husband carryeth ye horse-shoe before them to prevent harm
coming through their wickedness.



captain Packins. Haw, weally, my boy, you—haw—ought
go into the service, haw—
spouter. What the d—! do you mean, sir? Go into ser-
vice, indeed! Do you take me for a cook, or housemaid, or
what? How dare you insult me!



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

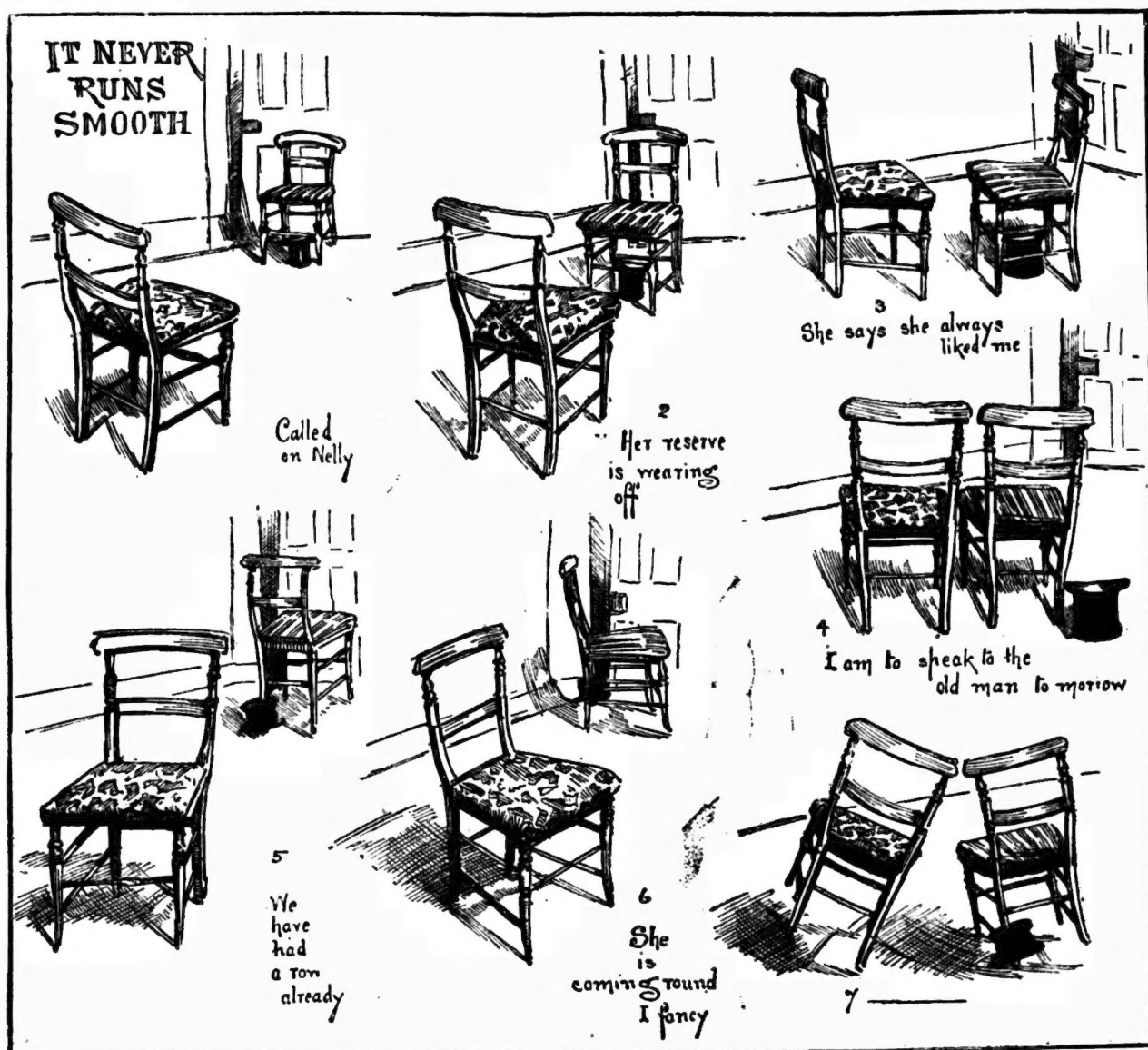
Heigho! when shall we get rid of this dreadful weather? Our climate seems to have got a bit out of order lately, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter mixing themselves up as if they had become separable friends. When the re-shuffling will take place I don't know, but in the meantime I will proceed with business.—Take care, O Czar, and don't be rash, Remember that you have no cash:—Fool to think to get away, You for your sins will have to pay:—His fist shot forth, the corporal fell, Now he'll two years in prison dwell:—A Royal romance is quite a change, Prince Oscar's conduct's very strange:—The poor girl led a wretched life, 'Twas nothing else but ceaseless strife:—Outside a church, a funny sight, The lad was quite within his right:—The water came at awful rate, Four thousand workmen met their fate.—"All's well that ends well," so ta-ta.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.



IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.
Ye lowly housewife stealeth ye humble faggot; ye good
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coming through their wickedness.



Mr. Puckins, Haw, weally, my boy, you—haw—ought
to be in the service, haw—
What the d—do you mean, sir? Go into ser-
vice, indeed! Do you take me for a cook, or housemaid, or
what? How dare you insult me!



Tennyson says, "Sweet is true love, though given in vain;" Antoine de la Salle thinks that "Love is an egotism of two;" and Ovid, that it is "A kind of warfare"

ALLY-CAMPANE.

FLORENCE CHISNELL seems determined, even if she misses the other luxuries of this life, to have her fair amount of sleep. It seems that about the middle of November last she went home and complained of feeling "rather tired and sleepy." Flo. was advised by her relatives to toddle off to bed; but before she could do so her limbs became stiff and rigid, and she fell into what looked like a deep sleep, from which she has not at present awoken. The doctors don't seem to be able to tackle the case at all. They can manage a twenty-four hour snooze without difficulty; but when it comes to nearly a three months' stretch, they look mystified, scratch their heads, and say nothing.



At any rate, we will wish Flo. pleasant dreams, and hope that her parents are keeping the back numbers of the "H.H." for their daughter's perusal when the happy day of awakening comes.

JAMES WILLIAMS was one of the unemployed. He had no work to do and did not want any. Begging was more to his taste, and much easier; and so long as he could earn ten shillings a day with which to enjoy himself he was very well pleased. But James' tale after thirty years' telling had grown rather rusty; it played him false, and has just landed him into compulsory confinement for fourteen days. On his release James will no doubt have a fresh tale to tell.

AN unemployed Sheffield man, a few months ago, went to Australia, and on his way out made the acquaintance of a young woman, who formed a strong attachment for him. Finding that he was already in the bonds of matrimony, she suggested that possibly the wife left at home would sell him to her, and he, jokingly, advised her to "write and ask." She did write, and the wife replied that she was willing to sell him for £100. This figure was too high for the other woman, and she replied by a bid of £20, which was at length accepted. The money was sent, and a document drawn up in legal form, in which the wife relinquished all future claim to her husband for the sum named. The latest report is that the man and the woman have since been married.

A. SLOPER thinks that next to partaking of a dinner dedicated to temperance, the fate of the poor male thing who has to endure a feed at which all present talked Volapuk must be the worst. The Volapukists of gay Paris have just given a spread, and the menu read as follows:—"Sup Modu Sarah Bernhardt, or Potage à la Sarah Bernhardt; Beilits Modu Masséna, or Bouchées à la Masséna; Lagut, or Saumon; Kolamit Modu Brodugan, or Filet de Bœuf à la Portugaise." The after-dinner orations were spouted in the new universal language, and the guests yawned and gaped. No wonder!

PUGILISM is alive, oh! There is no doubt about the fact. Alf Greenfield not very long ago fought John L. Sullivan in America, and got beaten. Recently he had been out of practice, but he abhorred inactivity, so started knocking his wife about. The missis evidently did not like it, for she summoned her noble protector; but, as she failed to appear in support of the summons, it was dismissed, and the patron and disciple of the P.R. is again at liberty to resume active work.

ALLY SLOPER, Alexandry Sloper, the Prince of Wales, and Justin McCarthy are learning to twang the merry banjo. The Eminent only breaks two and a half strings every thirteen minutes, which is not so bad. Beauteous Alexandry, when he strums, smashes up thirteen and a half banjos about every two minutes. The progress of the Prince and Mac is not reported.

THE Eminent longs with exceeding longingness for the time to come round when he can once more dip in the briny, and roll and gambol on the silvery sands. In the meantime he is glad to see that the Sea Water Supply Company is about to construct reservoirs near to his happy, happy home at Battersea. The Blue-eyed Babelette exhilaratingly announces his intention of borrowing, unobserved, one of Billy's fishing-lines, with which, and a crooked pin, he can fish for the toothsome cod, and the merry whelk and wrinkle. So mote it be!

THE little King of Spain has held a *lerie*, and a special telegram informs us that during the ceremony, having nothing else to do, he cried. Exactly so. But it is greatly to be deplored that the telegram does not go more fully into particulars. For instance, it is of the greatest importance to know whether the business point of a pin, or the spiteful pinch of a nurse gal disturbed his otherwise serene majesty; if neither, what, then, ailed him? Things like these should never be overlooked; they are too valuable.

How poor old David Thewlis, of Batley, suffered no one can conceive; but, alas! he had a little weakness. He liked his hair kept long. His locks hung round about his head like a mop around a handle. One day, as he was performing his daily labour at the Alexandra Mill, his hair caught in the machinery, and was drawn in, his head naturally followed, and, sad to relate, the poor chap died. The lesson contained in the fate of this poor fellow is direct and straightforward. A man should not wear long hair like lovely woman. Members of the sterner persuasion should not trespass on the fair sex's preserves, for if they do the consequences will be upon their own head.



intended to, and played havoc to the tune of £1,500. It has come out that Lord Randolph's mission to Russia was to induce the military authorities to accept a few of these 100-tonners. But the Russian people are too wise to blow themselves to pieces, though they don't mind doing the good turn for their Czar.

THE Australian journalists seem to be quite equal to the Yankees at "pulling the long bow," as the following, taken from one of their leading newspapers, will show. "Prince Battenberg's baby is at once to be made into a full-blown British admiral." Another paper, not in Australia this time, but in China, states that "Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. ALLY SLOPER have been rudely cast into prison." Bravo, Australia! Go it, China! Show the Yankees that you will not surrender the premiership to them without a fight.

VOLAPUK will have many victims before it has done. This is a truthful account of what took place at Mildew Court last week:—"My dear," said Mrs. S. to her hubby, "you were very late in last night, or rather, I should say, early this morning, and you talked in your sleep." "Did I, darling?" said Mr. S., beginning to feel uneasy. "What did I say?" "Well, all I could make of it was 'Ante up jackpot!'" "Precisely," said the late one, recovering his presence of mind. "I had been discussing about the new language with my friend Snook. The expression which escaped my lips in my sleep means 'God bless our home.'" And the wife was satisfied.

"Who the Dickens," exclaimed A. SLOPER, excitedly, "has been taking my photo, and exhibiting it in shop windows without paying me a handsome sum as compensation, I should like to know?" At length the death-like silence was broken. "Why, Dickens himself!" exclaimed the heir to the Sloper estates (including Mildew Court). The Eminent snatched from his son the cabinet photo over which Alexandry, Junr., was shedding unsweetened tears, and discovered that the best likeness that had ever been taken of him is by Mr. J. Martin Dickens, of 12 Castelnau Villas, Barnes, and which, fortunately for an ever ungrateful public, can be had at any respectable shop where photographs of celebrities are to be seen.

OH, for the old times back again! Years ago, the youthhood of Warrington seem to have led a free and happy life, free from the cares and worries of this life, and ready to snap their fingers at lovely females' tyranny. They established a Lazy Club, where they used to cluster together every evening. Amongst the restrictions put upon all members was one prohibiting them to exert themselves in any way whatever, or walk more than a mile without resting. If a poor member was injured by his affectionate wife, he was entitled to receive ten shillings a week so long as he was incapacitated. Clubs of all kinds abound in London, but where, oh! where shall we find a meeting-place like the one named?

THE American Government's Naval Secretary intends giving a description of the vessels shortly to be added to the Transatlantic Navy. This announcement has created quite a boom among our cousins upon the other side of the pond, and no wonder. They will soon be deep in the mysteries of anchor topsails, futtock booms, lee scupper shrouds, poop halyards, and bowsprit sextants. If our cousins have any poop halyards, bowsprit sextants, or futtock booms to spare, we should like a couple to ornament our front window. For grace nothing excels a futtock boom. Planted in the garden early in the spring it blooms beautifully, and as a preventive of sore throats it is without its equal in the world.

Two gasmen at the Four Courts, Dublin, went looking for an escape of gas with a naked light. They found it. Latest bulletin: One man killed, one man severely injured, roof trespassing in the next parish, and windows gone to smash. Not a bad record of five minutes' work!

WE read that "despite the strenuous efforts of magistrates, hydrophobia is assuming greater proportions, so much so, indeed, that a donkey lately bitten began eating its own legs." This is extremely interesting, but such an asinine tale requires no comment, so A. SLOPER is discreetly silent.

HAVING an evening to spare recently, and thinking a few hours' amusement would do him good, A. SLOPER weighed in at the Globe Theatre, and was very pleased to see the house so full. The *Golden Ladder* seems to suit a great portion of the public exactly, as it ought to do, for it is written in G. R. Sims' most taking style. Wilson Barrett seems to revel in the character of the Rev. Frank Thornhill, and there is no doubt the part suits him as well as any he has taken in his life. Miss Eastlake, too, seems to have caught the spirit of the play, and between them the piece rolls along as well as any one could desire.

A. SLOPER feels hurt—not about the body, but mentally. The Staff of Mr. H. Newson Smith, Chartered Accountant and F.O.S., recently gave their eighth Annual Smoking Concert, and omitted to invite the Eminent. In an account published in *The Financial World* of the festivities, it says that in the unavoidable absence of Mr. Smith the chair was taken by Mr. Edwin Thomas (Mr. H. N. S.'s right-hand man). Here is where the grievance comes in. If Newson was in Paris enjoying himself, why was the Friend of Man not asked to fill his place? The Eminent would be sorry to give offence to anyone at 37 Walbrook—he loves them all too dearly—but hang it all, he does know something about accounts and liquidations.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 11TH, 1888.

5th February, 1781.—When Lord Thomas Erskine, who this day successfully defended Lord George Gordon, was admitted a member of the Fishmongers' Company he made an after-dinner speech on the occasion. On arriving home he said to a friend,—"I spoke ill to-day, and stammered and hesitated in the opening." "You certainly floundered," was the reply, "but I thought you did so in compliment to the fishmongers."

5th February, 1818.—Bernadotte, the founder of the present royal house of Sweden, who this day ascended the throne as Charles John XIV., never would submit to be bled, although the lancet was in his time in constant use by physicians. One day he suffered so much from feverishness that his medical attendant insisted on his being bled. The king had to give in, as he was told his life might be in danger; but before the operation the king made every attendant retire, and told the doctor he must swear never to tell what he saw upon his arm. The doctor having promised, the king pulled up his shirt-sleeve, and upon his arm was seen a Phrygian cap of liberty, with the device "Mort aux Rois!" Only after his death was this record of Bernadotte's early democratic days revealed.

6th February, 1685.—King Charles II. died this day, aged fifty-four. There is a curious trait in the personal character of Charles II. "He took delight," says Mr. Evelyn, "in having a number of little spaniels follow him, and lie down in the bed-chamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and indeed made the whole Court nasty and stinking." The breed of dogs called "Spaniel" came from Hispaniola, in the West Indies—hence the name. It was the belief of many at the time that Charles II. was poisoned. It is, however, pretty certain that he died of apoplexy, the only too probable consequence of his excesses.

6th February, 1721.—Christian Henry Heineken, the Wonderful Boy of Lubeck, was born this day. He had not completed his first year of life, when he already knew and recited the principal facts contained in the Five Books of Moses, with a number of verses on the Creation. In his fourteenth month he knew all the history of the Bible. In his thirtieth month, the history of nations, of antiquity, geography, anatomy, the use of maps, and 8,000 Latin words.

7th February, 1729.—Jemmy Spiller, that "Right Comical Lord Chief Joker" and "Choice Spirit" of the day, who died on this date, was a constant frequenter of "The Bull and Butcher," Clare Market. His convivial powers were the delight of the merry butchers of Clare Market, the landlord of whose house of call, a quondam gaoler but a humane man, deposed the original sign of "The Bull and Butcher" and substituted the "Head of Spiller." A poetical butcher would not let him descend to the grave "without the meed of one melodious tear."

"Down with your marrow-bones and cleavers all,
And on your marrow-bones ye butchers fall!
For prayers from you, who never prayed before,
Perhaps poor Jemmy may to life restore.
What have we done, the wretched butchers cry,
That the only man by whom we lived should die?
Enraged, they gnaw their wax and tear their writs,
While butchers' wives fall in hysterical fits;
For sure as they're alive poor Spiller's dead,
But thanks to Jack Legar, we've got his Head.
He was an inoffensive, merry fellow,
When sober, hipped; blythe as a bird when mellow."

8th February, 1819.—The *Morning Post* of this date contains the following advertisement:—"That Phenomenon, the unequalled Devonshire Giant, or British Colossus, who has had the pleasure of being visited by so numerous and generous a public, to whom he has given perfect satisfaction. They all allow him to be the finest man ever exhibited in London, for which he returns his sincere thanks, and informs them that he has left Pall Mall and is now exhibiting in an elegant room, No. 194 Strand, opposite St. Clement's Church, every day from ten o'clock in the morning until eight in the evening. Admission to ladies and gentlemen, 1s. Servants and children half-price."

8th February, 1674.—A resolution was this day adopted by the English House of Commons that a standing army is a grievance, and that the king should have no other guard than the militia.

9th February, 1649.—A few devoted cavaliers attended the burial of Charles I. on this day, and noticed the coincidence between the coronation and the funeral of their master. On the former occasion, the King chose to appear in a white robe, though this was opposed by his friends as contrary to the practice of his predecessors and to popular ideas, for purple was considered the colour appropriate to sovereignty. He was reminded that, of two exceptions to the rule—Richard II. and Henry VI., who wore white satin at their coronations—both had come to a violent end. But Charles persisted in his purpose. The third "White King" was crowned, and he went to his grave in his favourite colour. The snow fell heavily at the time, so as to cover the pall with a silvery mantle, on the passage of the bier from the Castle to St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

10th February, 1840.—The Queen was this day married to Prince Albert. On the occasion of the marriage, the people of East and West Pennard, in Somersetshire, in the Cheddar district, resolved to incorporate their loyalty in a mighty cheese, to be presented as a bridal offering. The cheese was made, and graciously accepted by Her Majesty and Prince Albert. It weighed eleven hundredweight, was nine feet four inches in circumference, and twenty inches deep, and was the produce of seven hundred and fifty cows. The farmers, after the presentation, asked permission to exhibit it, hoping to make some money. They took it from the palace for that purpose, and in the end Her Majesty naturally declined to have it back. The exhibitors quarrelled among themselves, the cheese got into Chancery, and never got out again.

10th February, 1845.—Captain Burton, of the 17th Lancers, was this day fined £50, as the owner of a monkey which had attacked the wife of a market-gardener near Hounslow.

11th February, 1763.—William Shenstone, the poet, died this day at his celebrated residence at Leasowes, near Hagley, in Worcestershire. Shenstone was celebrated as a landscape gardener as well as a poet.

"Oh, earth! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestowed on thee—
Who crowned thy barren hills with useful shade;
And cheer'd with twinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread."

Shenstone was buried under a plain flat stone in the churchyard of Hales-Owen, Shropshire.

11th February, 1844.—On this day, at Bolton, the keeper of a menagerie, on entering one of the dens, was set upon by a leopard, and worried to death.

ALLY SLOPER'S
FREE LIFE INSURANCE.

£150 will be paid by MR. GILBERT DALZIEL, the Proprietor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" to the next-of-kin of any Man, Woman, Boy, or Girl (Railway Servants on duty excepted), who should happen to meet with his or her death in a Railway Accident, in any part of the United Kingdom, PROVIDED a copy of the current issue of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is found upon the Deceased at the time of the Accident. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published every Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, and the Insurance lasts one week from that time, expiring at 10 o'clock the following Thursday morning.

VICTORIA! GOOD GRACIOUS!



I've heard a man say who resides at Stoke Pogis (Brown his respectable name is) Quid non mortalia pectora cogis Auri sacra fames?

Which means that the thought of a bag full of cash Has a flavour more luscious than honey, And there's nothing so wicked, outlandish, or rash That a man will not venture for money.

It may have been so at an earlier date, When much was achieved by the aid of it, But the coinage has grown so unsightly of late That a miser may well be afraid of it.

That money's the root of all evil, we see— The fact's not less woful than true; But the men of the mint are resolved it shall be The root of all ugliness too.

Victoria! Good Gracious! Was ever on coin So disgraceful an effigy seen? Base coiners, avaunt! All the land will enjoin That you shan't make a guy of the Queen.

THE TAKING CHILD AGAIN.

JUBILEE was being exhibited the other afternoon after dinner, and the visitor, as usual, was asked, "Who do you think he is like?" "Oh, he takes after you, ALLY," replied the guest. "That's a bad look-out for him," remarked Alexandry, edging towards the door. "Why so?" enquired ALLY. "Why, if he's got to take after father, he'll find precious little left to take as is worth having."

Each Week's Competition Complete in Itself.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

The Friend of Man is now giving Two Substantial Presents away every week to Purchasers of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY"—one to a Lady, and one to a Gentleman. All that has to be done is to cut out and fill in the Label printed below, expressing a wish "what the Applicant is in want of," and post it to:—

ALLY'S "PRESENT" DEPARTMENT, "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

Applicants must write distinctly in left-hand corner of Envelope whether it is a Lady or Gentleman applying.

SLOPER'S WEEKLY PRESENTS.

"Ally Sloper's Half-Holiday," February 4th, 1888.

Name.....

Address.....

Want.....

"Sloper Watches" will not be given.

53rd WEEK.

RESULT OF JANUARY 21st COMPETITION.

The following Applicants have been Awarded

"SLOPER PRESENTS."

1. DI. FORBES, 1 Avenue Villas, RAMSGATE.

A CASE OF SCISSORS.

2. W. MATTHEWS, 9 South Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, LONDON.

A PAIR OF BRASS CANDLESTICKS.

TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

Advertisements, as under, will be inserted in this column free of charge, provided the Sender's Name and Address are enclosed with the Advertisement, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Address—TOOTSIE, "MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "THE SLOPERIES," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

A YOUNG LADY, aged 19, medium height, dark, of loving and cheerful disposition, domesticated and accomplished, wishes to correspond with a dark gentleman, fond of dancing, with view to matrimony. Not particular to age, but must not be under 22. Address—"GENTLEMAN," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

GENTLEMAN, editor and proprietor of a provincial newspaper, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. Advertiser has an income of £250, which he will gladly share with any eligible young lady. Address, with photo (which, if not approved of, will be returned), to "BOB," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

ROSE, tall, fair, and accomplished, considered very handsome—aged 20, Violet, aged 19, medium height, dark, good-looking, of merry disposition, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. Must be tall and of good appearance. Send photo, and address—"ROSE or VIOLET," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

STAFF-SERGEANT in an Infantry Regiment would like to correspond, with a view to matrimony, with a nice-looking young lady about 17 to 23 years of age. Money no object, as the gentleman is in a position to keep a wife. He is 29 years old and passable in looks. Please enclose photo, which will be returned if not approved. Address—"LEO," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

YOUNG LADY, aged 18, tall, brown eyes and hair, good figure, fair complexion, considered very pretty, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman with view to matrimony. Photo, if possible, to "KATIE," "TOOTSIE'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY," "The Sloperies," 99 Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

NOTE.—Tootsie undertakes, free of charge and post-free, to forward unopened, to the parties interested, all letters received in reply to the above advertisements. Advertisements already received, which do not appear above, will appear as soon as space admits.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

In consequence of the enormous number of letters received, we are unable to publish those selected as soon as we could desire; but the Editor wishes to assure his Correspondents that all letters of importance and interest, and of moderate length, will be sure to find a place ultimately in his Letter-Box, and he therefore invites correspondence on all subjects.

KIRKHAM, ARDROSSAN, January 12th, 1888.

DEAR ALLY,—In any of the many accounts or trials of Mungo Campbell in my possession there is no reference to the lines you quote under the heading of "The Poacher," which appeared in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" a short time ago. Neither do I find any notice of them in my father's MSS. (who was 13 years old at the trial of Mungo Campbell). Further, Campbell had a wife and daughter at the time. Thus, taking all into account, strong proof would require to be adduced by your writer before the lines given by him can be received as applying to Mungo Campbell. Yours truly,

HUGH F. WEIR.

LONDON, January 14th, LEAP YEAR.

DEAREST ALLY (PRIDE OF MY HEART).—Excuse the familiarity I take by addressing you as such, but being Leap Year I thought I might express the deep affection which I bear towards you. We poor feminine sex only have an advantage of proposing once in four years, so when that time appears it seems like a great anniversary. For my sake, sweet one, get divorced from the present Mrs. Sloper. You cannot really perceive what pleasure it is for me only to catch a glimpse of your sweet blue eyes. Your very face is beauty itself; and now being Leap Year, I venture to express my admiration of your notable self. If you would only grant me the position of being your loving partner in life I would do a mother's part by sweet little Jubilee—the very image of your beautiful self. You may skillfully manage to provide your present wife with enough maintenance to live comfortably with Tootsie and the rest of the Family; but little Jubilee (bless his little heart) must come under my care, if you will only grant my request. Oh, dear ALLY, if you don't return my love I shall do something desperate: then think what a shadow would hang over your life. It is true I have no property of my own, and my fortune does not exceed £80 per annum; but still

If thou wilt take me as I be, Sweet ALLY, I'll be true to thee. I vow to love you evermore As no one ever loved before.

How I long to receive your answer, dear one. Don't keep me long in suspense, for my heart is aching now. Hoping I may stand first in your estimation, I remain, dear ALLY, your most loving and devoted admirer,

GERALDINE FRITZADEN.

CHATHAM, January 16th, 1888.

DEAR MRS. SLOPER.—The world at large seems to have quite forgotten that Tootsie has a Ma, and although I must admit your daughter is a beautiful creature, I do not overlook the fact that she inherited her beauty from you, for, notwithstanding the Friend of Man is noble and grand in intellect and character, yet, to the eyes which look into his face for beauty, there is decidedly nothing to admire. To my taste, you are the handsomest woman in the world. I have gazed upon the sirens of the far East. Chinese or Japanese loveliness fades when compared with thine; Grecian, Italian, French, the beauties of Spain and Portugal, the handsome ladies of Sierra Leone, and the charmers of Rio-de-Janeiro, are not to be compared with you. I love you, Mrs. Sloper. Oh, how I love! My heart is thine. But I'm married—and she approaches! * * * * * LATER.—She has gone out to get a bloater for my tea, and is sure to buy the saltiest in the town, and I am free again to write to my adored. How, can I ask, will you meet me!—or stay! can't you arrange to give ALLY a treat? Give him twopence, send him to the "Sloper Arms," and let me call to offer you a bottle of "Unsweetened." I saw ALLY recently, but must not tell you whom he was with, not wishing to mar your happiness. He was enjoying himself, and said he was sorry to leave, but his "old gal" (that is what he called you) wanted him at home.

Yours devotedly, W. O. B.

LEEDS, January 17th, 1888.

DEAR KING OF PUNSTERS.—Many thanks for your "Award of Merit." It is a beautiful design, and I shall greatly prize it. I shall take it with me on my tour to exhibit, and spread your fame abroad. Your venerable old features seem to be the most prominent idea in the design. Is the ruddy nose copyright, or is it a mark of distinction from the Boozing Club? If so, I think you take the cake, and I can safely say you are the World-Renowned Prince of Topers. Give my kind regards to Tootsie and my respects to McNab, and don't forget that little maxim that "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip."

Faithfully yours, ARTHUR E. BENTON, F.O.S.

LONDON, January 18th, 1888.

DEAR ALLY.—As I wish to complete my collection of "SLOPER," I would give 6d. each for Nos. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 16, 17, 18, 20; 3d. each for 21, 22, 24, 28, 33, 34, and the two Christmas Numbers for 1884 and 1885, and 2d. each for 36 and 45. Would any of your readers that have them, and wish to part with them, kindly write me to your care? Of course I only want one of each number, and would give preference to those who have most of the numbers I want. Yours truly, "COLLECTOR."

'ARRY IN A FIX.

WHEN 'Arriet sent her 'Arry forth Through foreign lands to roam, While she, like poor Penelope, Sat ruefully at home, She little thought she'd have to pipe Her pretty little eye To find that stupid Gauls mistook Her 'Arry for a spy. The nose of Jove, a squint like Mars To threaten and command Were ineffectual to make The Frenchmen understand That 'Arry was a gentleman, Though not of lineage high, And so they took—alas, the day!— Poor 'Arry for a spy.

Said 'Arriet, "He's so beautiful, So chivalrous, so free, They're sure to take him for a lord Wherever he may be." Alack-a-day! on Gallic sense You never can rely; Despite his noble looks, they took Poor 'Arry for a spy. When 'Arriet heard the dreadful news, Which horrified the town, A single feather had sufficed To knock the lady down, "I do not care to live," she cried; "I am resolved to die: What's life to me if men mistake My 'Arry for a spy?"

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

WHY would anyone be justified in thinking that SLOPER's cat grew considerably every day?—Because Mrs. Sloper has to let it out every evening.

HERE is another of the strange inconsistencies of human nature: If you smoke a cigarette too long, it becomes too short. Funny, isn't it?

"WHAT were the Dark Ages of the world?" enquired a school-master. "The ages afore gas was invented, sir," replied the pupil. "YER bloomin' higrant flatteded loutin," shouted Mr. Nouveau Riche, finding fault with his servant. "Ah, Mr. Riche," said an acquaintance, "I wish I could speak German like you do."

"COULD you oblige me with the time, please?" enquired a stranger. "It's—er—er—just—er—er—a quarter of an inch to—er—er—five," stammered the youth with his first watch.

JILL AND JACK; Or, THE ART OF POLITE CONVERSATION.

By the Author of "Cometh up Smiling," "Fancy," "Good-bye, Write Soon!" "Not Nicely, but to Sell," and "Black as her Hose is She."

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

BUT there is a better understanding between them than of yore. Jill waits anxiously, with beating heart, for the maternal insult,



"Oh, you two donkeys!"

still survive in that unnatural state?

"Thank goodness, I shall soon be of age," says Jill, aloud, "and can quit this hateful house."

"I wish it were next week," says Jack.

"The sooner the better," sniffs the head, emerging from the bundle of shawls.

"Fly away, Jill," croons the doctor, vaguely calling to mind some long-forgotten childhood sport.

"Who are you Jill-ing?" cries his ward, indignant. "You're only a Jack yourself, and Jack's not even a John—only a demi-john."

"That's more than a gill, anyhow," and the doctor chuckles.

"Oh, you two donkeys!" grunts the hidden head.

"Don't mind my sister—she's often rude to me," whispers the doctor to Jill.

"So she is to me," smiles Jill, and the rud-dy glow flushes her cheeks at this similarity of suffering, this bond of union uniting her to her guardian.

"It's a very unpleasant habit," says the doctor.

"Horrid!" answers emphatic Jill.

"I can't imagine where she learnt it."

"From you, I should think."

The contorted doctor writhes.

"Hold your tongues, you babbling idiots," cries a muffled voice swathed in shawls.

That night, as the weary Jill lays her head upon the confidential pillow, she sobs to the friendly bolster,

"He said, 'If I ever marry you—bub—bub—bub—blow me, tut—tut—tut—'"

She cannot complete the painful sentence.

CHAPTER VI.—BLISS.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

JILL is back in her old country home. She has passed the magic boundary of one-and-twenty, and is her own mistress.

When she leaves her guardian's house she turns upon the doorstep with a disdainful nose soaring heaven-ward, and an under-lip contemptuously protruding, as she exclaims, "Ugh!"

The doctor retorts from the door-mat with as scornful "Bah!" and twirls upon his pivot heel.

From an upstairs room the muffled sister is understood to mutter from her shawl swathings, "Good rid-dance of bad rubbish."

This is



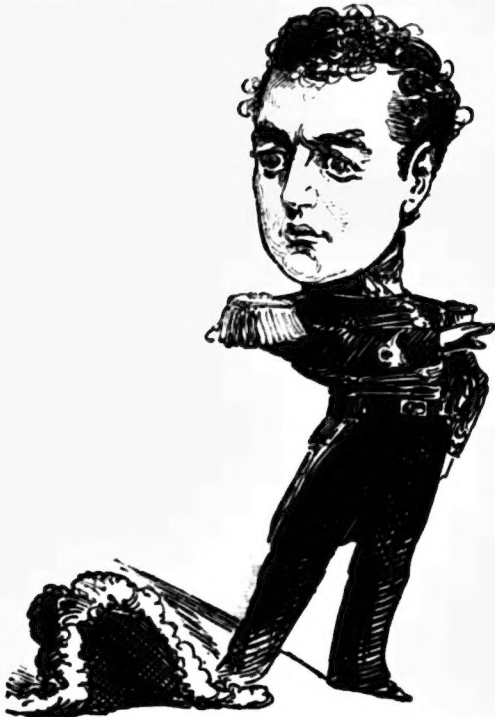
The ribald vernacular of the district.

Jill's departure from her guardian's house.

Her return to Clatterbeck is not the triumphal entry she expects. She is almost forgotten by the peasantry, and when she condescendingly snubs a village lad, he retorts in the ribald vernacular of the district,

(To be concluded next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 12.—LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, F.O.S.

"Twas on a wild, weird, wintry November day, in the early part of the present century. The wind was humming round with unrelenting fury, the thunder was rattling about the lightning-lit atmosphere like a broadside of cannon out for a night's carouse. In the midst of all these little plesantries, Lord Charles was born. At a very early age it was a toss-up whether the budding boy should be run for a shoeblack or a sailor. The coin was spun; his fate was sealed—a sailor he was doomed to be. His first experience of the sea was on a barge as a sort of coal-shifter. This vocation seemed to suit his abilities exactly, as it was noticed from that time forward his relatives were never short of a good supply of the gentle warmth-provider. After many adventures, Lord Charles bloomed on to a man-of-war, which happened to be one A. SLOPER was taking charge of during the absence of the captain. From that time his fortune was made, for, starting as a cabin-boy, he speedily rose to his present position. Chiefly for his dare-devil spirit, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him, September 12th, 1888.—Debrett improved.



Old Spontkins (reading telegram). "Wife had twins this morning." Hurrah! there's life in the old dog yet!



AT A BURLESQUE REHEARSAL. Rat, Cheese it, Sally! don't run, but come and give me a cuddle. Don't yer know me? I'm yer husband!



AT A MATINEE.—The sole occupier of the stalls. [The next morning the dailies will come out babbling about crowded house, brilliant assemblage, etc.]

A DIALECT IN SPELLING.
OR, AIRING HIS FRENCH.

"Two café-au-lait, waiter—without milk."
"Yessir. 'Ave any coffee with it, sir?"

[Which, when she got that good man outside— "Fool!"

[Bouncer vows never to try the French language again, as he thinks the stupid native wait-ers don't even understand their own language. Mr. Bouncer says man was only created to drag poor unprotected woman down to the lowest depths of degradation.

THE GAY CIGARETTE-ISTS.



Bob. You don't mean to say you smoke, Topsy?
Topsy (a ballet girl). Don't I, though? Rather—makes the other girls jealous! They think by the smell that someone's been kissing me all night!

A PAIN(T)FUL CASE.



Duggins. Well, I don't know what is the matter, but I can't manage to paint a picture anyhow, although I managed to paint our fowl's house with the very same paint. Can't make it out!

CANINE PROVERBS.

Dedicated to Messrs. Snatcher and Toddles.



"HOW THE POOR LIVE."

BY
GEORGE R. SIMS.

(Commenced November 19th, 1887.)

CHAPTER XII.



A DOCK LABOURER.

To get an odd job at the Docks is often the last hope of the labouring men who are out of regular employment, and to whom the acquisition of a few shillings for rent, and the means of subsistence for themselves and families, is a task fraught with as much difficulty as were some of the labours, the accomplishment of which added in no inconsiderable degree to the posthumous fame of Hercules.

When it is borne in mind that sometimes at the West India Docks—taking one for example—as many as 2,500 hands can be taken on in the morning, it will be easily understood that the chance of employment draws an immense concourse of men daily to the gates.

The time to see what I venture to think is one of the most remarkable sights in the world, is an hour at which the general public is not likely to be passing by.

Sometimes the hands are engaged as early as four, but it is generally about six o'clock that the quay-gangers ascend the rostrums or elevated stands which are placed all along the outside wall, and survey the huge crowd in front of them, and commence to call them out for work, and send them into the different docks where the good ships lie, with their vast cargoes, waiting for willing hands to unload them.

The pay is fivepence an hour, and the day's work lasts for eight hours. It is miscellaneous, and a man is expected to put his hand to anything in the shape of loading or unloading that the occasion may require.

Stand outside the Dock gates any morning about six, and you will have plenty to study among the vast crowd of men, more or less dilapidated and hungry-looking, who fill all the approaches and line the banks in front of the rostrums.

Many of them are regular men, who are called "Royals" and who are pretty sure to be taken on, their names being on the ganger's list, and called out by him as a matter of course. These men show signs of regular employment, and differ very little from the ordinary labourer. The strangest part of the crowd are the ragged, wretched, woebegone-looking outcasts who are penniless, and whose last hope is that they may have the luck to be selected by the ganger. Many of these come from the distant parts of London, from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West. Some of them have tramped all night, and flung themselves down to sleep at the great Dock gates in the early dawn, determined to be in the front rank.

They are of all sorts, sizes, and conditions. Among them is the seedy clerk, the broken-down betting-man, the discharged soldier, the dismissed policeman, the ticket-of-leave man, the Jack-of-all-trades, the countryman, and the London rough. An enormous proportion of the regular men are Irish and of the ordinary labouring class, but now and then a foreigner or a negro crops up among the crowd. One man there is among them who wears his rough jacket and his old battered billycock with a certain air of gentility, and whose features are strangely refined when compared with the coarser lineaments of those around him.

In the Docks they call him "the nobleman." He is a gentleman by birth and education. He can swear, I believe, in four languages, and, as a matter of fact, is the son of a baronet, and has a right to be called "sir," if he chose to demand it. Into the sad story which has brought about this social wreck it is no business of mine to enter, though to the friendly Dock police and to the gangers the baronet is ready enough to tell it.

The baronet can work, in spite of his pedigree, as well as any of his mates, and the fivepence an hour is a God-send to him. Strange are the stories of vicissitude which many of these men can tell. I have said it is the last haven of the outcast, and by that I do not mean to imply that all dock labourers are destitute, but that among the huge crowd of outsiders who come daily to take their chance are many of those who form the absolutely most helpless and most hopeless of the London poor. No character is required for the work, no questions are asked; a man can call himself any name he likes: so long as he has two hands and is willing to use them, that is all the Dock Company require. Among these men are hundreds of those whose cases are so difficult to deal with in respect of house accommodation. They are the men who have to pay exorbitant rents for the filthy single rooms of the slums, and whose fight with starvation is daily and hourly. They are the men earning precarious livelihoods who are objected to by the managers of all the new Industrial Dwellings, which have swept away acres of accommodation of an inferior class. A man who is a dock labourer may earn a pound a week—he may earn only five shillings. Sometimes they get taken on every day in a week, and then for a fortnight they may have to go empty-handed from the gates day after day.

Once fix on your mind the wear and tear, the anxiety and doubt, the strain and harass, the ups and downs of a life like this, count the smallness of the gain and the uncertainty of employment, and

you will understand why it is that the common body of men who are classed as "dock labourers" are reckoned as among the poorest of the London poor who make an honest effort to keep out of the workhouse. Watch this crowd—there must be over two thousand present in the great outer circle. The gangers are getting into the rostrums—two tea ships have come in, and a large number of men will be required. Hope is on many faces now; the men who have been lying in hundreds sleeping on the bank opposite—so usual a bed that the grass is worn away—leap to their feet. The crowd surges close together, and every eye is fixed in the direction of the ganger, who, up in his pulpit, his big book with the list of the names of regular men, or "Royals," open before him, surveys the scene and prepares for business. He calls out name after name, the men go up and take a pass, present it to the police at the gate, and file in to be told off to the different vessels. It is when the "Royals" are exhausted that the real excitement begins. The men who are left are over a thousand strong—they have come on the chance. The ganger eyes them with a quick, searching glance, then points his finger to them, "You—and you—and you—and you." The extra men go through the usual formality and pass in. There is still hope for hundreds of them. The ganger keeps on engaging men—but presently he stops.

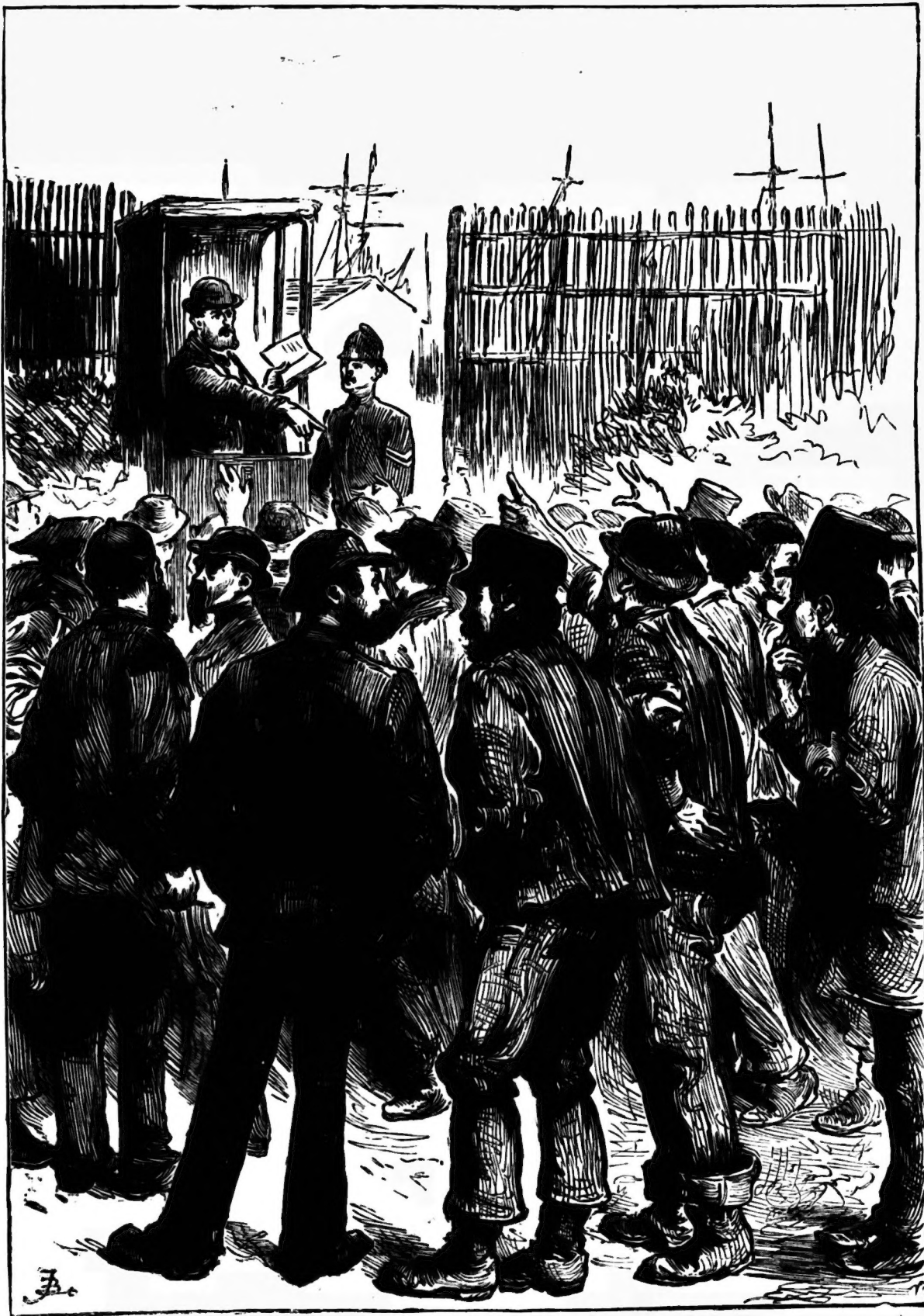
You can almost hear a sigh run through the ragged crowd. There comes into some of the pale, pinched faces a look of unutterable woe—the hope that welled up in the heart has sunk back again. There is no chance now. All the men wanted are engaged.

As you turn and look at these men and study them, these the unfortunate ones, you picture to yourself what the situation means

to some of them. What are their thoughts as they turn away? Some of them perhaps have grown callous to suffering, hardened in despair. To-day's story is but the story of yesterday, and will be the story of to-morrow. There is on many of their faces that look of vacant unconcern to everything that comes of long familiarity with adversity. They have the look of the man who came into the French Court of Justice to take his trial for murdering his colleague at the gallies, and who had branded on his arm his name. "Never a chance." Never a chance when a man gets that branded not on his arm but on his heart; he takes bad luck very quietly. It is the good luck which would astonish and upset him.

Some of the men, new-comers most of these, and not used to the game yet, show a certain rough emotion. It is fair to say it generally takes the form of an expletive. Others, men who look as though they had sunk by degrees from better positions, go away with a quivering lip and a flush of disappointment. If we could follow the thoughts of some of them, we should see far away and perhaps where in some wretched room a wife and children sit cowering and shivering, waiting for the evening to come, when father will bring back the price of the day's work he has gone to seek. It must be with a heavy heart that his wife towards midday hears the sound of her husband's footsteps on the creaking stairs. This advent means no joy to her. That footstep tells its sad, cruel tale in one single creak. He has not been taken on at the Docks—another weary day of despair has to be sat through, another night she and the little ones must go hungry to bed.

It must not be imagined that the men clear away directly who have not been engaged. Hope springs eternal in the human breast,



ENGAGING MEN.

and dozens of men still wait on in hope. It sometimes happens that a ship comes in late, or something happens, and more men are required. Then the ganger comes out and picks them from among the remaining crowd.

Dozens of them hang about on the off-chance until two; after that it rarely happens any men are engaged, so the last brave few who have stood with wistful eyes for six or eight hours at the gate, turn slowly on their heels and go—God knows where.

Some of them, I believe, are absolutely homeless and friendless, and hang about street corners, getting perhaps a bit of tobacco from one or another more fortunate in this world's goods than themselves, and with it stave off the gnawing pangs of hunger. They hang about up side streets and round corners till night comes, then fling themselves down and sleep where they can, and go back once more at dawn to the gates of their paradise, to wait and hope, and be disappointed perhaps again.

This is the dark side of the dock labourer's story. It has a brighter and better one inside, where on miles and miles of wharf hundreds of men, package and bale-laden, are hurrying to and fro, stowing the produce of the world in shed after shed. Thousands of barrels of sugar are lying in one, and the air is perfectly sweet with it. The ground is treacherous with it, and one's boots are saturated with it as one walks through a thick slime of what looks like toffee gone wrong in a sweetstuff window on a hot summer day. Thousands of boxes of tea, just in from China, are in another shed, and their next-door neighbours are myriads of bags of wheat. The steam cranes are going as far as the eye can see, whirling, and dragging, and swinging huge bale after bale greedily from the good ship's hold; lighters laden to the top are being piled higher still; whole regiments of men bent with precious burthens are filing from wharf to warehouse; the iron wheels of the trolley, as it is pushed rapidly over the asphalted floor, makes a music of its own; and the whole scene shut in with a background of shipping—argosies freighted with the wealth of the Indies, the produce of many a land beyond the seas—all this goes to make up a picture of industry and enterprise and wealth, which gives just a little pardonable pride to the Englishman who contemplates it for the first time.

The system in the Docks is admirable. The strange men who are taken on are not taken entirely on trust. There is a uniform scale of pay for old hands and new, but there is an overlooker to see that all work well. If a man shirks or makes himself in any way objectionable, the process is short and summary: "Go to the office and take your money." The man is discharged; he is paid for the time he has worked, but no more; and he can leave the Docks out of the question as a field for his talents, if he has shown himself a duffer. A mark is put against his name in the ganger's book.

At the door every man who leaves the Docks is searched. This is more of a preventive measure than anything else. The men handle many packages of valuable commodities which have been broken in transit, and could easily extract some for their private use.

It would not be hard for a gentleman brought face to face with a broken chest of tea to fill his pockets with a loose pound or two, for instance. The search at the gate stops that. Knowing that detection is certain, those men who would be dishonest if they could get a chance see the impossibility of escaping with their plunder, and so, making a virtue of necessity, respect the eighth commandment. The Docks are in the custody of a special body of Dock police, who maintain order, keep guard night and day over the goods in the warehouse, search the men, and check all the carts and vans passing out or in at the gates, and are generally responsible for everything.

The boys employed as messengers between the Dock House in Billiter Street and the Docks themselves, and also the lads employed on the spot, are all dressed in a remarkably neat uniform, and add to the picturesqueness of the busy scene. All these boys are drilled, and come to attention and salute their superiors with the precision of old soldiers.

I have given a little space to the inside of the Docks because such numbers of the men whose homes we have visited in previous chapters are employed there, and it is there that unskilled labour finds the readiest market.

But it is outside that one must search for the misery which those who know them best acknowledge to be the commonest lot of the dock labourer.

Inside, when the men are at work, the beer barrel on a stand with wheels is trundled merrily along at certain hours, and there is a contractor who supplies the men with food. It is outside that the beer barrel and the food contractor find their occupation gone.

Poverty in its grimest form exists here, and it is for these men, struggling so bravely and waiting so patiently for the work their hands are only too willing to do, that philanthropists might look a little more earnestly into the question of house accommodation.

Looking at the uncertainty of employment, it is not hard for anyone to see that a rent of five shillings for a single room is too much for these men to pay, and they cannot go out into the

suburbs, where rents are cheaper, because they could not get to the Docks in anything like condition to work.

These men must live within a reasonable distance of their labour, and to do so they have to pay exorbitant prices for vile accommodation.

They are kept in the lowest depths of poverty, because rent almost exhausts all the money—all that the luckiest can hope to earn.

"Honest sweat," the poet has told us, "is a very noble decoration to a man's brow," and these men are plentifully decorated before their task is over, I can assure you. It is scandalous that, having done all they can, risked life and limb (for dock accidents are numerous, and keep a hospital busy), and done their duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them, they should have to creep home to fever dens and pestilential cellars—half the money they pay ought to go for food for themselves and their children, instead of into the well-lined pockets of those who are making fortunes out of the death-traps they call "House Property."

This short and hurried sketch of life in the Docks is necessarily incomplete. Its one great feature connected with the subject of these articles my readers can see for themselves at any time they like to take a long walk in the very early morning. No one who does not see the vast crowd can appreciate the character and pathetic elements it contains. I cannot write them with my pen, nor can my collaborator draw them with his pencil.

But we can both of us gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. A. T. A. Brownlow, of the London Offices, and Captain Sheppy, of the Dock Police, whose kindness enabled us to see, under peculiar advantages, this phase of "How the Poor Live."

(To be continued next week as a Special Supplement.)

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All Subscriptions will be acknowledged in "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY," giving names and sum contributed; and when the List closes, the total amount sent in will be distributed among the Destitute Poor by Commissioners yet to be appointed, not one farthing of the money subscribed to go in expenses, which will be borne entirely by Mr. GILBERT DALZIEL. Subscriptions should be sent, addressed to—

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LONDON PAVILION, PICCADILLY, January 6th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you 5s., and sincerely hope the result of your generous efforts will be a splendid success. With season's compliments,
Yours truly, SAM REDFERN.

BATTENBERG HOUSE, LAKE ROAD, PORTSMOUTH,
January 6th, 1888.

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